

MARVEL
15th Apr 89

THE REAL

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GHSTBUSTERS™





Howdy! Welcome to another glorious issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. This week our loveable foursome are in for some real surprises. Their ghost-busting *muscles* are *strained* to the limit when they encounter some *unhealthy vibes* in **Fit to Bust!** *Keeping fit* is the last thing on their minds, however, when they have to investigate some very odd goings on in **Haunted House!** Where are the ghosts? Then it's back to HQ, for **Busy Busting!**, when Janine encounters some weird happenings in the office. It's certainly a case of 'oh, no, *there's something in the photocopier!*' What with all this and some even stranger happenings in this week's text story, **Monkey Business!**, it's a wonder that the ghostbusting team can take all the excitement! Can you? Watch out that all this doesn't *drive you ape!*

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



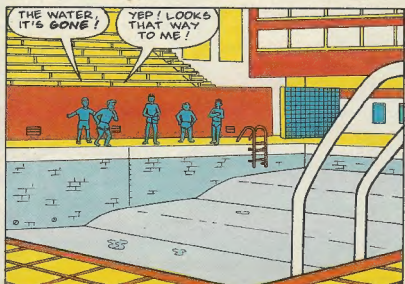
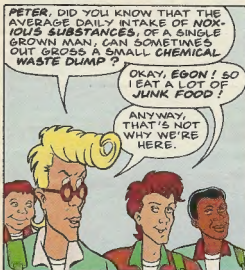
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MELNITZ

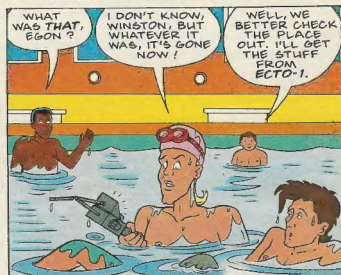
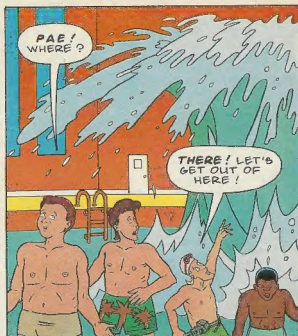


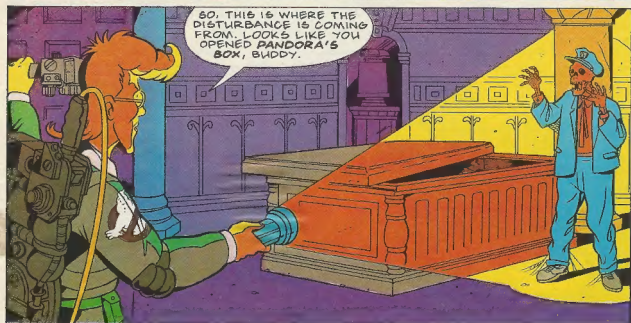
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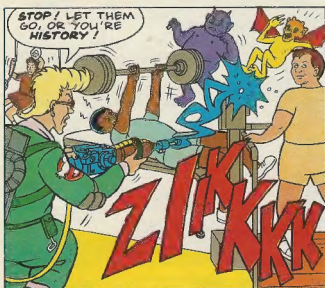
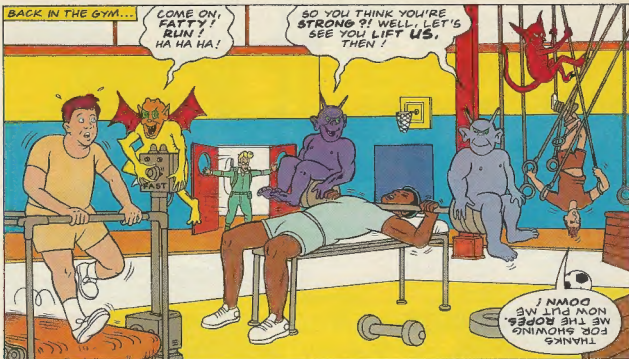
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FIT to BUST!











NEW FROM MARVEL!

MARVEL



No1 40p

CARTOON
TIME



MORE
SCOOPY-
DOO!



MORE
TOP CAT!
MORE
FLINTSTONES!

MORE FUN!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE



MONSTERS: SOME FURTHER OBSERVATIONS

Back in Part 31 of the Guide, I ran over a few points about monsters. Then stopped, backed up and apologised. That was an attempt at light relief. Peter says the tone of the guides is not 'humorous' enough and recommended I put in a joke or two. Like that one about running things over, backing up and apologising, which Peter found on page 63 of his *Great Gags Yearbook 1903*. So I'll try to do as he suggests and drop in the odd piece of levity. And to help, I'll mark each 'gag' or 'joke' with an asterisk, like this *, to make it easy for the readers to spot when I'm 'kidding around'. Right. Here goes again.

Back in Part 31, I covered the subject of Monsters in a fair amount of detail. Later, I cleared the detail away, and found the subject underneath*. Meeting up with the monster ape King Kajoo recently reminded me that there were several other pieces of advice I had to pass on to anyone who had thoughts about encountering creatures over, say, forty feet high. Bring your own stepladder, for a start*.

USEFUL TIPS: HOUSEHOLD MONSTERS

Let's say there's a monster in your bathroom. Boy, you've

PART 44

got a big bathroom.* Anyway, you want to take a bath. What should you do? Well, try asking him to wear a blindfold*. Of course he may say he doesn't see much future in that*. In which case you've got an even bigger problem: a monster with a sense of humour. If the monster in the bathroom is making funny noises in its throat then it's definitely a gargoyle*. To get him quiet, tell him he'll wake the sleeping pills in the bathroom cabinet*. Who knows? After some witty banter like that you could end up having a wail of a time!*

USEFUL TIPS: FOOD

It's well known that if you give a monster a plate of chips, he'll eat them with his fingers. And everybody

knows it's bad manners to eat your fingers with your chips*. If you meet a monster on a Wednesday, it's all right. They only eat people on chewsdays*.

A FALSE ALARM

If you meet something with twenty-two legs and a horn, making a loud crunching noise, don't worry. It's not a monster. It's a bus carrying a football team who are eating crisps*.

Excuse me a moment.

LEVITY: A RETRACTION

Go on, Peter.

Do I have to?

Yes.

All right . . . I, Peter Venkman, do hereby solemnly and publicly swear that I will never again encourage Egon to make jokes during the course of a Spirit Guide, and also I now admit that it was a bad idea in the first place, and I only suggested it because I thought it would be a bit of a giggle for me.

And?


All right! *All right!* I cross my heart and hope to die and stick a needle in my eye . . .

NEXT WEEK

That's better. Now then. Next week, I'll be showing you how to get rid of troublesome class 5 infernal beings by way of a simple demon-stration . . .(*)!

MONKEY BUSINESS!



Story DAN ABNETT  Art ANDY LANNING and DAVE HARWOOD

All along the sandy beach of the tropical island, native drums were beating a warning rhythm. The scientific yacht *Fay* moored in the lagoon, and a small motor launch chugged away towards land carrying the yacht's commander, Doctor O'Brien and his two guests ... Ghostbusters Peter Venkman and Egon Spengler. "I've brought you a long way, I know," O'Brien said, as they beached the dinghy, "but I think it may be worth it. If the rumours are true, there's something very abnormal here on the island, and you may be the only people who can deal with it."

Egon nodded grimly, but Peter was all smiles. "Well, I certainly appreciate a cruise in the Pacific, Doc. From what you've said, I don't really think there'll be anything here you'll need us for. I mean ... a giant ape the size of a tower block? Ghosts are one thing ..."

O'Brien shrugged. "I know it sounds mad, Dr. Venkman. I kind of hope that I have just dragged you out here for a nice cruise. Tower-block sized monkeys could be a little too much to deal with."

Egon studied his PKE meter carefully. "Anything is possible," he said, mainly for Peter's benefit. "I would think that an ape, as big as the stories say, would have to be supernatural in origin. It can't be a natural phenomena."

Anxious-looking natives had hurried down the beach to meet them. They looked curiously at the busters' Proton packs and overalls, and at the quietly beeping PKE meter that Egon held. O'Brien approached the native chieftain, an old man who appeared to have a crick in his neck as if he was always looking up at something. "King Kajoo?" asked O'Brien.

The chieftain nodded and pointed a warning finger at the dense forest of the island. "King Kajoo will come," he announced and the other natives began mumbling the name over and over. "Look here," said the chief, pointing to a stretch of sand at the top of the beach. "King Kajoo," he repeated. O'Brien and

the busters looked where he pointed. In the sand was a footprint ... the footprint of an ape-like gorilla. But the footprint was over three metres across.

Peter considered the print carefully. Finally he turned to the native chief. "Nice try," he said. "You guys must have taken a long time getting that print so good. I'm afraid it doesn't fool me."

"King Kajoo will come," replied the chief conversationally.

"The natives don't understand much English," put in O'Brien. "Or any sarcasm. You're wasting your time."

Peter remained unconvinced. "It's a put-up job. It's a fix. It's a fake. There is no ape that leaves a paw-print that big."

"I don't know ..." mused Egon. "That one might."

Peter didn't really want to look up to where Egon was pointing, but he did anyway. All around them, the natives had fallen silently to their knees. Up above the tops of even the highest trees, an ape was looking down at them. An ape that was nearly the size of a tower block.

"That's King Kajoo, right?" said Peter to no one in particular. "Well that's okay. He's only nearly the size of a tower block."

King Kajoo raised himself up and in a deafening, thunderous explosion, began to bellow and beat his chest with his fists. Then he leant forward and reached out one enormous paw towards the humans on the beach.

"Move, Peter!" yelled Egon, "he's reaching for you!"

Peter was transfixed. "My legs won't work," he replied truthfully. In another moment, the massive paw had wrapped around Peter and lifted him up until he was face to face with the biggest monkey in the world. Peter had his eyes shut. He waited for the end to come. Then, in a soft and surprisingly polite voice, King Kajoo said, "Peter Venkman? I've been longing to meet you. In fact I've gone to a lot of trouble getting my friends, the natives, to spread rumours

about me in order to get you down here. You see, the thing is . . . can you get me a job in movies?

Peter laughed out loud for the umpteenth time that afternoon. Below him, on the foredeck of the H.M.S. Cabot, a passing oil tanker they'd managed to hitch a ride on, King Kajoo bowed to his audience and went on, "... but seriously friends, you wouldn't believe how much it costs these days ... buying bananas in bulk!"

Peter laughed again. "He's good! He's really good!" Egon nodded, "Indeed, he reminds me of Jimmy Tarbuck ... something about the mouth ..."

"I hope we can get him an agent. He could go a long way in movies," giggled O'Brien.

"Well, I don't think any agent is going to ignore him anyway ..." said Peter. Down on the foredeck, King Kajoo began to tap dance and sing 'Tiptoe through the tulips'.

"That's great!" called Peter, clapping.



Kajoo stopped for a moment and looked at Peter. "One thing," he said seriously. "I can't stand heights. Please don't get me any jobs that require climbing things ... or aeroplanes ... or anything."

"You've got my word!" replied Peter. "Strictly light comedy roles ... the odd musical ... a light romantic lead opposite Cher or Joan Collins, maybe ... a guest spot in *Neighbours* ... hey, you'll be winning Oscars within a year!"

"How can you be so confident, Peter?" asked Egon cautiously.

"Hey, I recognise star quality when I see it!" answered Peter. "And when it comes to stars, Kajoo here is going to be big. Very big. The biggest!"

Egon settled back in his deck chair, eyes closed, a dream of fungi already forming. "That," he murmured, "I have no doubt about whatsoever!"



GHOST MOUSE!

This was a ghostly creature of the very fiendish rodent variety. The kind that comes complete with whiskers, pointy teeth and a very large appetite. Yes, a furry, glowing pest of the worst kind, in short. The irksome spirit came to plague the Ghostbusters in their very own HQ by nibbling away at the contents of their fridge. This, as you will know, is a very frequent occurrence, only this time it wasn't Slimer who was the guilty party at all! In fact, being of a ghostly persuasion himself, it was Slimer who was able to spot the transparent fiend.

The mouse in question, in his mortal life had at one time won a contest, run by the local Trap Saboteurs Committee, in which he consumed an unusually large amount of cheese. This was a claim to fame which he tried to live up to in the next world.



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Howdy there, siblings. Thanks for all your letters. We're getting snowed under here at HQ, but I'm answering as many as is humanly possible. That's not easy when you're on call to deal with all things inhuman twenty-four hours a day!

Dear Peter ...

I have some questions for you:

1. Does ecto-plasm feel, smell, etc., the same as cyto-plasm, proto-plasm and endo-plasm which are linked with cells?
2. Does ecto-plasm come in different colours?
3. Can ghosts smell?
4. Do ghosts dream?

Nolan Pratt, Hamworthy.

Thank you for some very good questions. Firstly, ecto-plasm is very similar in construction to these other plasms. It is a little more difficult to study, than the other types, however, because it comes from spirit forms rather than from solid things. 2. Ecto-plasm does,

indeed, vary in colour. Slimer's ecto-plasmic form is tinted green, for example.

3. Slimer tells me that ghosts can smell. This is how he usually tracks down food—particularly my food. He also tells me that ghosts do dream. He came to this conclusion when he had a dream in which the entire supply of the world's food dried up overnight. I suspect, though, that this was his excuse for gobbling up my breakfast with undue haste the next morning in what he said was a blind fit of 'panicky-wanicky'.

I have some questions which I'd like to ask Janine:

1. Do you find your job tiring?
2. In issue 15, you busted a ghost. Did you like it?
3. Have you ever seen a ghost on your day off?
4. I think that ladies should be allowed to bust ghosts, what do you think?

Heather Thomas, Staffordshire.

Janine tells me that:

1. *Sometimes her job with us is tiring, it depends how much work there is to do at the time.*
2. *She did enjoy it, in this case. Partly because the monster in question was a lying meanie and partly because it was more interesting than filing.*
3. *Thankfully, no. She does like to leave her work at the office.*
4. *I should say!*

I have some questions for you:

1. *Slime Time jokes are crummy and boring and don't make me laugh at all. Please could you put something different in its*

place.

2. Please could you ask Egon to tell me two ways in which fungi are different to green plants.

3. Where did Ray and Egon learn to fly aeroplanes and where did you all learn to parachute and land properly?
Christopher Smith, London.

1. Well, Christopher, due to the fact that the number of jokes which we receive for Slime Time which haven't actually been printed before have declined, we have replaced Slime Time. It seems that there isn't an unlimited supply of original supernatural jokes. Such is life. We think that our new page, Dead True! Makes up for this in good style. 2. Egon tells me that fungi differ from plants in that they are a kind of mould which grow suddenly and don't rely on sunshine and chlorophyll for their growth, like green, leafy plants. So there! 3. We all learnt to fly aeroplanes and jump with parachutes at a flying school near New York. We felt that this would be an essential part of our training as Ghostbusters.

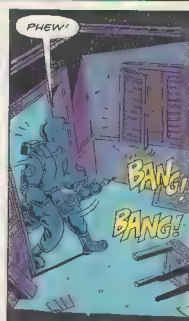
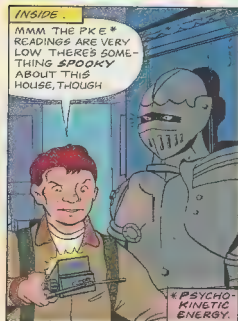
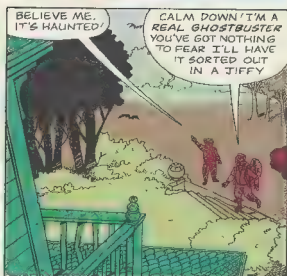
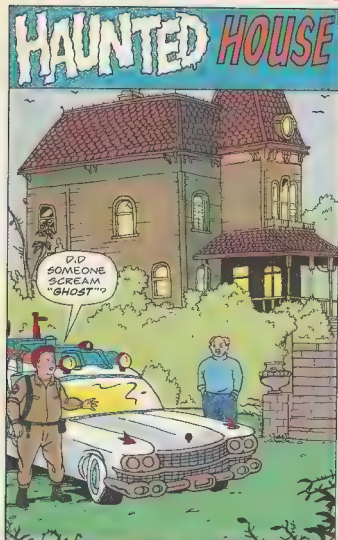
I have some questions for Slimer:

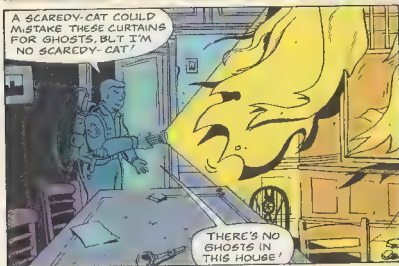
1. *In the film, what was it like to be in the beams of the Proton Guns?*
2. *How does it feel to be a ghost?*
Ian Rolph, Chatteris

Slimer tells me that:

1. *It's werry hotty-wotty. 2. It's goody fun-wunny. There, make of it what you can.*

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghostly and what's more, it's a true tale of terror!



Just where does fiction become reality and vice versa? This is the question that a famous actor (who shall remain nameless) asked himself after taking the lead role in an uncanny ghostly experience.

The actor was driving home from a friend's house in a remote part of Long Island, New York. It was three o'clock in the morning... dark and deserted. Glancing at his dashboard, he noticed that he had run out of petrol, so, spotting the lights of a nearby cafe, he pulled in and asked the way to the nearest petrol station.

He was told to take the path that ran through the woods at the back of the cafe and to walk until he reached a freeway. This

Dare you read on?

was not a savoury prospect, but he reassured himself by remembering all the brave deeds he had accomplished on the screen and he soon felt better.

He was just about to set off, when he heard a high-pitched voice ask, "Hey, do you want a lift?" He turned round and saw a man in a black cadillac. This was a very welcome offer and he climbed in.

Upon arriving at the station, the actor was very embarrassed to discover that he had lost his wallet, but the driver was kind enough to lend him a dollar. Being of gentlemanly stock, he insisted on repaying the stranger and persuaded him to write his name and address on a piece of paper. The name was Harry Agannis.

The next day, he looked up his friend in the phone

book and a woman answered his call. Yes, Harry Agannis was her husband, but much to his surprise, she added, "But I'm afraid you can't speak with him... he's been dead for three years!" Gulp. He was understandably terribly shocked to hear this, but he decided to visit the woman and show her the scrap of paper. Upon seeing it she was visibly stunned. It was without doubt her husband's writing. Furthermore, a description of his clothes matched those in which the poor man was buried! The horror of it!

Perhaps it is just possible that Harry Agannis had been a fan of this TV star during his life. And was only too happy to help him in the next world. Who knows?



ON SALE NOW
FROM MARVEL COMICS!

VISIONARIES

Knights of the Magical Light™



SPRING SPECIAL



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

BUSY BUSTING!

JANINE IS THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS...

HELLO! GHOSTBUSTERS... COULD YOU HOLD THE LINE A MINUTE...

RING! RING!

YES, SIR, A LOCH NESS MONSTER IN YOUR BATH, OKAY, THEY'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

BUT IT'S A GOOD JOB SHE'S NOT THE NERVOUS TYPE!

YES, YES, I HEARD YOU! A GHOST IN THE TOILET! DISGUSTING!

RING!

RIGHT, LEAVE THIS TO ME.

GOODBYE! ^{3 phew!}... I'M SO BUSY TODAY!

ALMOST THERE! THEN I'LL GET HER! HEE, HEE, HEE!

THESE PHONES HAVE REALLY GOT ME BEAT!

SLAM!

OOOOUCH!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT! THIS RECEPTIONIST IS HISTORY!

THERE, THAT SHOULD DO IT. AND I HOPE THAT'S THE LAST OF THE FUNNY BUSINESS AT THE WHITE HOUSE!

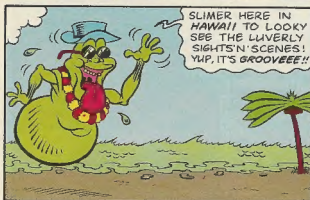
HEH! HEH!

INVOICE: THE WHITEHOUSE
DATE: 8 PM
0013 314

NO
RECEIVED
10/10/88

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



SLIMER HERE IN
HAWAII! TO LOOKY
SEE THE LUVVERLY
SIGHTS'N 'SCENES!
YUP, IT'S GROOVEEE!!



HOWDY, HAWAII
PEOPLE. HOWYOO?

ALOHA,
KAHUNI
KUNI.

KANO
KUNI.



KANOOK! TIKI
TOK. HINN!
NOK NOK!

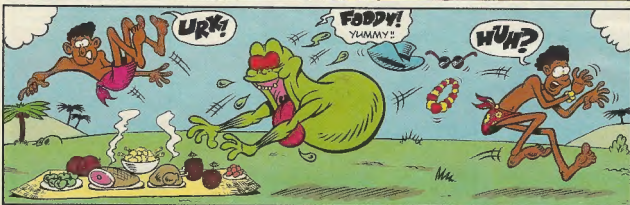
NIKI TIKI WIKI,
NANININ NOKI
BAHINI!

WAAH! HAWAII PEOPLE NOT
TALKY PROPER LIKE WOTTY
SLIMER DOOBEEDOO!!



SLIMER NOT CAN
UNDERSTANDY
HAWAII LINGO!!

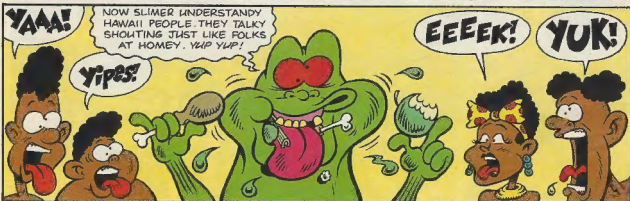
... BUT SLIMER
KNOW THAT
SMELLY. ITTY...



URK!

FADDY!
YUMMY!!

WUH?



YAAA!

NOW SLIMER UNDERSTANDY
HAWAII PEOPLE. THEY TALKY
SHOUTING JUST LIKE FOLKS
AT HOMEY. YAP YUP!

yipes!

EEEEK!

YUK!

Story BAMBOS Art and Lettering BAMBOS Colouring SPOLLY

A REAL SPINE-CHILLER!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **ACTION FORCE 11** Some new additions this month. Apart from the two strip stories, **Wild, Wild Life**, by Abnett and Smith and featuring Outback and Psyche-Out, and the classic **Coils of the Serpent** by Collins, Hopgood and Harwood, you've got Mail Call, a Fact File on Zanzibar and a NEW T.A.C. page! Whew!

DON'T MISS...

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 213** The new-look issue! THREE great stories this and every week, plus brand new Transformation, letters and 'next week' pages. This week's stories are: part 1 of **The Fall and Rise of the Decepticon Empire**, by Furman and Sullivan, part 1 of **Guess Who the Mecannibals Are Having for Dinner?** by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt, and part 1 of the NEW Visionaries story, **The End ... And the Beginning**, by Salicrup, Dille, Bagley and Tanghai

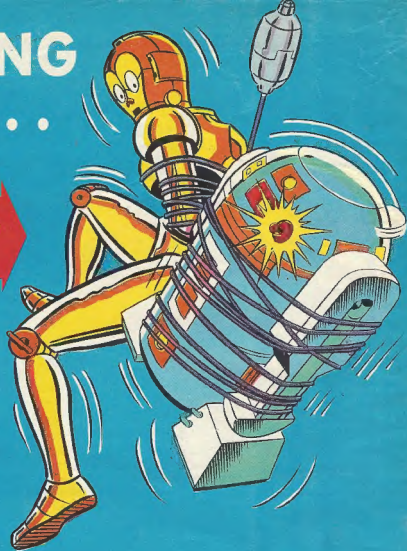
☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 44** The ghost must go on! This week, there's **Fit to Bust** by Carnell, Elliott and Harwood, where there're some 'orrible 'auntings in a Sports Centre, **Busy Busting** by Carnell, Wildman and Harwood and featuring Janine and the Gremlins, and a different slant on the usual **Haunted House**, by Carnell and Elliott, and a text story by Abnett, **Monkey Business**.

☐ **THUNDERCATS 95** The first monthly issue, with two great strip stories. **Wilykat's Lair**, by Brenner, Coleby and Baskerville, has Wilykat setting out to build his own home, with the usual disastrous results. Then there's the classic **Worlds in Chaos**, by Furman, Harwood and Gascoine. Also, there are all the usual features – a text story by Abnett, jokes page, colouring page and, last but not least, **FREE STICKERS!**

ON SALE NOW!

DON'T HANG AROUND...

LIKE OUR TWO HEROES,
R2-D2 AND C3PO.



CAN THE GALAXY BE SAVED FROM
THIS EVIL, SWASH-BUCKLING
SCOUNDREL? *THE RED PIRATE!*

ON SALE
NOW!

FIND OUT IN

DROIDS

SPRING SPECIAL